

Blues Medley: My Starter Won't Start This Morning/Hold Up Your Head

Hank Williams Jr.

You know I ain't crazy 'bout nothing, but money, women, and blues

You know my starter won't start this morning

You know my motor won't even turn

My starter won't start this morning

My motor won't even turn

I'm running with a fast class of women

Caused my little car to ruin

Hold up your head

Hold up your head, baby

Darling you've got your chin where mine is suppose to be

Hold up your head, baby

Hold up your head, baby

You've got your chin where mine is suppose to be

You've got your chin where mine is suppose to be

I just wanna lay my head up in your bosom

Lord, that would be such a good rest for me

I ain't gonna cry over you no more baby oh no

Come on come on

You know it's one kind of favor I'd ask of you

You know it's one kind of favor I'm gonna ask of you

One kind, one kind of favor

You know it's one kind of favor I would ask of you

Keep my grave stone clean when I'm gone

Always remember my little darling when I'm dead, I'm gone

Always remember my little darling when I'm dead, I'm gone

I don't, I don't, I don't have to worry

I know soon you'll be coming on [Aw yes my baby?]

I've gotta play

Have mercy

On me

Troubled mind, I'm blue, but I won't be blue always

I know that sun is gonna shine in my back door one of these days

I'm gonna lay my head on some lonesome railroad line

I'm gonna let one of them big 1800s pacify this worried mind

My string done slipped off the bridge